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PRICE TEN CENTS.

# PUCK



THE SUMMER HARVEST.



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### Cartoons and Comments

AFTER RECIPROCITY, THE passage of a START SOMETHING. measure of Reciprocity during the administration of a Republican President is some achievement. The Republican Party, in some of its platforms and through some of its leading men, has spoken of Reciprocity a great many times, but it never until now got beyond the speaking stage. The next thing to watch will be the effect of Reciprocity upon the Republican National Convention in 1912, for it seems to be generally conceded that there will be doings. Calling it Reciprocity does n't gloss over the fact that what President TAFT put through Congress this summer was really a substantial reduction of the Protective Tariff, something hitherto so sacred that the old Ark of the Covenant appears almost profane by comparison. What the Standpat division of the party, the division which heretofore has paid all the bills, is going to do about it remains to be determined, and doubtless before a great while we shall begin to see what we shall see. One of the things which in our shameless democratic way we hope to see is a continuation by the farmers of their interest in Reciprocity. The farmers have it in their power to "start something," and frankly we hope they will. The Republican agriculturists, who have stood loyally by that party year in and year out, and taken as gospel truth everything the Standpat textbooks have said, objected to Canadian Reciprocity because most of the reduced tariff duties were on agricultural products. In other words, the farmer, rather than the manufacturer, was to heed the

cry of the consumer and come to his relief. Now, if the Republican farmers will only keep at it and demand in loud tones that the Republican manufacturers, the big tariff-made, tariff-fed combinations, shall bear *their* share of the reduction burden, the Republican Party may have to choose between adopting as its own the good Democratic doctrine of low tariffs or going up Salt Creek. Just to help the work along we should again like to remind the Republican and all other farmers in the

United States—it has been called to their attention a million times, but now perhaps they may be in a frame of mind to think about it—that the chief service rendered them by the Protective Tariff all these years has been to make them pay a big price, a lot bigger price than the foreigner had to pay, for every farm implement of American manufacture they used.

SOCIALISTS advocate, we believe, public control and operation of such industries as the ice business; and just so long as ice is plentiful and fairly cheap in price they may advocate such control and operation, and nobody outside of their own ranks takes any particular notice. But once let the Ice Trust take advantage of a hot spell to create an artificial shortage, to boost prices at a time when ice is a necessity if ever it is, and from motives of greed work hand in hand with the heat and humidity in spreading sickness and death among the city's poor, and people take much more than a mere academic interest in the sale and distribution of ice. In times like the present, when ice may be artificially made, the old-time excuses for shortage are no longer valid, and it would n't take much to make a lot of people ask, and ask persistently: "Why, if the city can sell us water, can't it sell us ice? There are such things as municipal gas-plants; why not municipal ice-plants?" Only a small proportion of the population has begun to ask these questions as yet, but every time the Ice Trust takes advantage of the heat and human need to wring extra dollars, dimes, and cents out of those least able to pay, the number grows larger.



GETTING THE HABIT.

"O, my dear young friend! You don't know how it grieves me to see you touch the first glass."



## THE MAGAZINE NEIGHBORS.

**L**AZY FAIR,  
With pen-drawn hair,  
Who advertises a lotion rare,  
Dwells in the centre of page  
thirteen  
Of a popular magazine.  
Across the way  
One Dr. Ray,  
Who makes a breakfast-food  
of hay,  
Lives in the self-same maga-  
zine.

With haughty stare  
This lady fair  
Gazes through the inky air,  
And clear through the Dr. on  
page fourteen,  
Who dwells in the self-same  
magazine.  
But Dr. Ray  
Has naught to say  
And smiles at the snobbishly  
proud display  
Of the girl in the popular magazine.

For he's aware  
That the lady fair  
When the book is closed will cease to  
care,  
And will gracefully on his shoulder lean  
From the opposite page of the maga-  
zine;  
And her round lips may,  
Meet those of Ray,  
In a wholly unconscious but natural  
way  
'Twixt the darkened leaves of the magazine!  
*Harvey Peake*



### CONSISTENCY: A SUGGESTION.



**N**advocate of consistency am I. Not in politics or in the conduct of the feminine mental machinery—O dear no. But in one of the minor, everyday walks of life. The case in point is this: When you go into a hotel café or a saloon for the purpose of indulging in a slight freshener, you are very apt to say to Frederick who serves you with the tipple: "Have one with me, Fred."

So Fred takes a drink out of the cold-tea bottle that he employs when a customer offers him whisky, or one from the Croton that serves his purpose when gin is selected. And you pay for it and saunter away, thinking yourself a clever fellow. And so you are, bless your soul! But just at this point comes in my little suggestion. Where is the consistency in allowing such a pleasant little courtesy as this to be confined to indulgence in alcoholic beverages? Why not extend it to other branches of intercourse with your fellow men? You go into a haberdasher's and purchase half a dozen collars, two ties, a couple of shirts. Why not say to the clerk: "O say, Jonesy, have a shirt with me, won't you?" Very likely he would, and be highly pleased at the attention. You go next into Connaughton's hardware store and buy a new front-door key in place of the one you lost the other day. Before paying for it, why not lean over the counter with: "Conny, old fellow, have a door-key with me, or a strap hinge, or anything else you like?"

Don't be afraid to show people that true civility is not wholly dead in this part of the world. No sensible druggist either, unless his teeth were in a positively shocking condition, would take offense if, after purchasing from him a toothbrush, you should politely ask him to join you. Or, if his tastes are that way, he could take Epsom salts or a little liver pill. There is quite a large choice in the average apothecary shop. To crowd a dubious egg into the pocket of your grocer and a link of sausage into the hand of your butcher as you conclude your purchases are delicate attentions that would naturally suggest themselves also in this connection.

Dealings with ladies who sell articles that gentlemen purchase, as some lines of wearing apparel, might seem at first blush to present some obstacles to the successful pursuance of this scheme, as when you buy socks or suspenders

from a demure and pretty maiden, or even, as may often actually happen, shirts and underwear. But here the finesse of a true gentleman will at once be apparent in the skill with which you are able to suggest that, if she does not care for "the same," there are varieties even of these garments that it would not be unbecoming in her to accept. I might go yet deeper into this matter and make suggestions for those who could afford it as to the presentation of larger articles of traffic, but I forbear.

*Elsie Hess.*



### THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

CHORUS OF YOUNG PELICANS.—What is there in it for us, Ma?

### EXPLAINED.

**V**ISITOR.—Great Scott! Why are you throwing bottles at that poor man? Are you trying to kill him?

BASEBALL FAN.—No; not the slightest intention of it. The League is launching a new umpire and we are just christening him!

### WHICH SHALL IT BE?

**C**HLOE has a dancing eye,  
Phyllis has a lovely face;  
Kathryn smiles when passing by,  
Sylvia is full of grace.

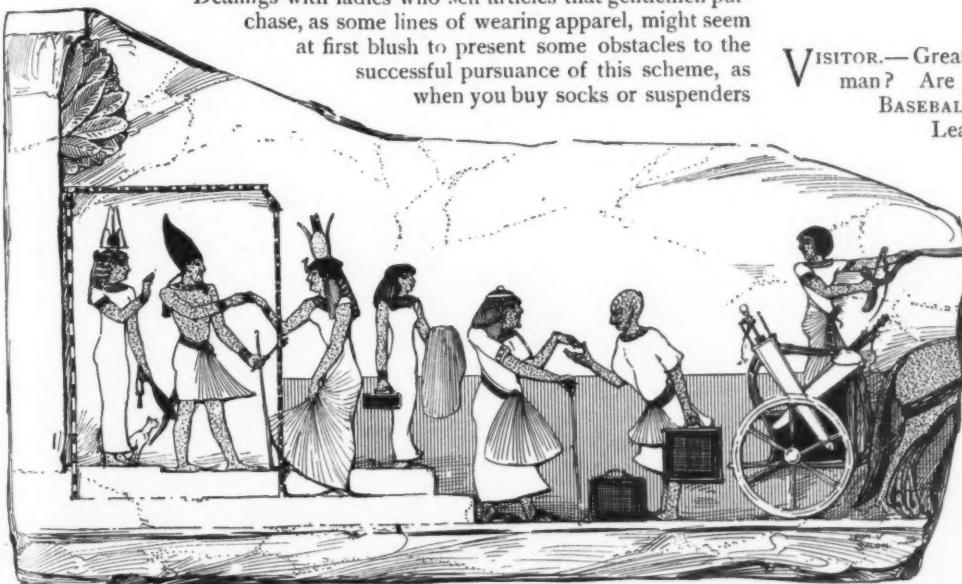
All of these I love full well,  
Yet I smile with knowing look—  
Sarah Ann Mehitable  
Has a large, fat pocketbook!

*Chas. C. Jones.*

### A SEVERE TEST.

**H**E.—Yes, darling, when I am with you I feel inspired—as if I could do some perfect thing.

**SHE**.—Maybe you could order a luncheon that I would like without consulting me!

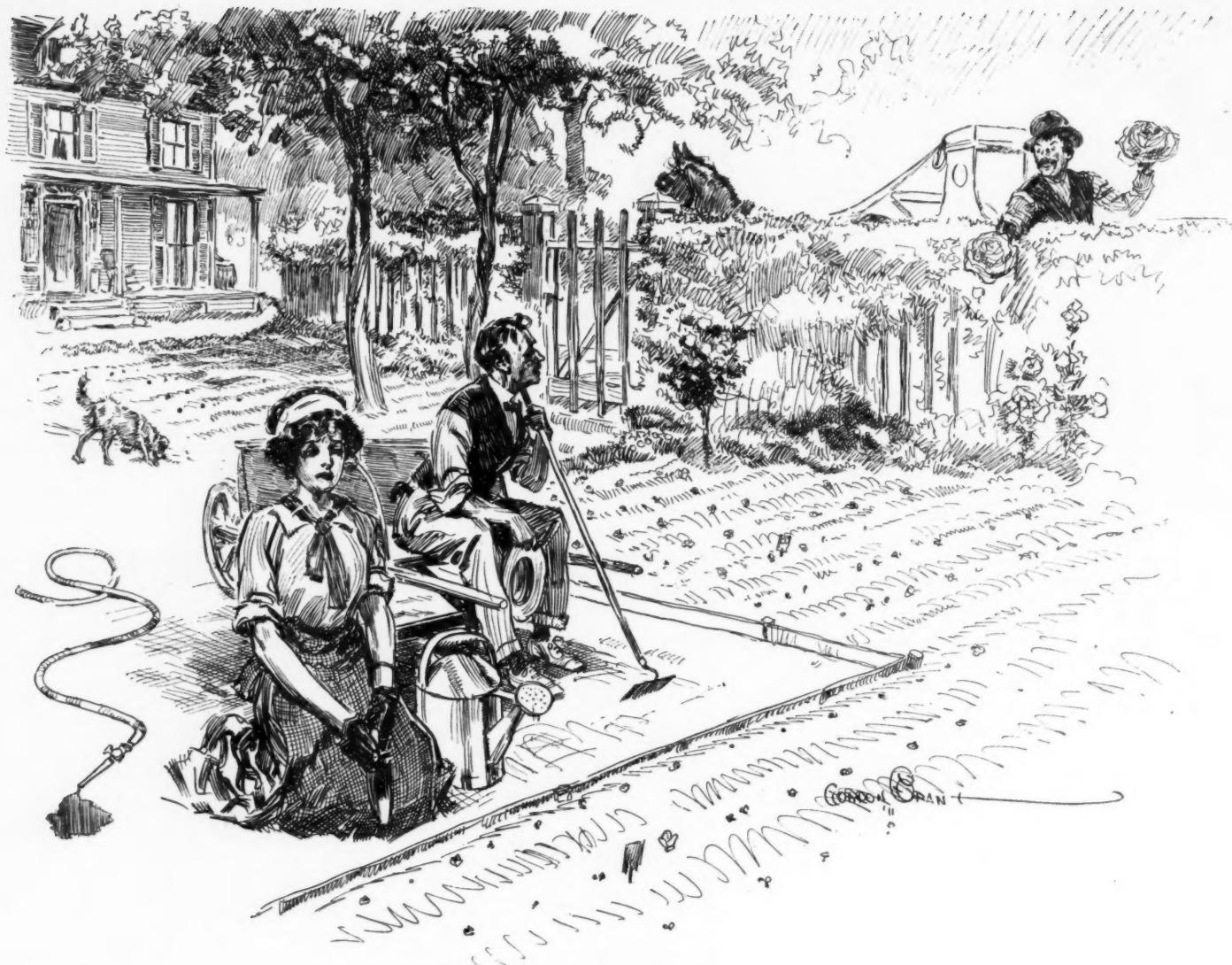


MONDAY MORNING AT THE NILE HOUSE-PARTY.

AN EGYPTIAN BAS-RELIEF THAT J. PIERPONT MORGAN AS YET HASN'T BOUGHT.

**P**lenty of people proceed upon the assumption that "Whatever is, is right," as long as they are in on it.

## PUCK



"FRESH VEGETABLES?"

### TELL HER.

**Y**ou can burn all the furniture, smash up the house,  
You can tear down the roof that's above her,  
A woman will stand for it quiet as a mouse  
So long as you *tell her* you love her.

You can spend her inheritance, blacken her eye,  
You can leave her, ill-treat her, or shove her,  
She'll faithfully suffer your acts till you die,  
So long as you *tell her* you love her.

You may tenderly nurse her, and all things endure,  
Her weaknesses carefully cover,  
But she'll never believe your affection is sure  
Unless you *inform her* you love her.

You may purchase the gems she has wanted through life,  
Persistently round her may hover,  
But things such as these all mean naught to your wife  
If you don't *tell her* too that you love her.

P. Maxwell.

### TRIAL MARRIAGE.

**T**'ANKY, sah; t'anky!" gratefully said a ramshackle-looking colored citizen who had percolated into the office of a prominent attorney of Polkville, Ark. "And dis yuh am what yo' kin do for muh, Cuhnel, if yo' please: I wants to git dis trial marriage dat I's into busted up so's I kin git out'n it ag'in."

"Trial marriage—?" echoed the legal luminary.

"Yassah! Dat's what it's done been—a trial! —fum de beginnin' twell plumb yit! Trial, sah—trial and tribbylation—all the time! And I knowed how 'twould be befo' I got into de trap. Did n't want to marry, no-how; allus was uh-skeered o' de marryin' notion, and now—"

"Well, then, why did you marry if you did n't want to?"

"Who?—me? Uh-kaze I hatter, sah! *Hatter do it*; dat's why! Dar wa'n't no way 'round it; 't wuz de law! When dat 'ar yaller lady fell into de creek at de picnic an' I plunged in an' drug her out at the risk o' muh life, right dar, sah, I got up ag'in de law—de marry-law! De young white men told me 'bout it, soon's dey found out what I'd done; had n't uh-told me I'd uh-gone 'bout muh bidness like a fool twell I landed in de Penitency for muh ignunce. Dey done told me what I was 'bleeged to do—man saves a 'oman fum drowdin' he's sho' gotter marry her. Fo'ced to do it, sah, an' I done did it. An' now, Cuhnel, for goodness' sake won't yo' please tell muh how to git out'n de scrape? Kin I git a divoce, or suppin', or must I take de lady down to de creek whuh I drug her out, an' thow her in ag'in?"

Tom P. Morgan.

TRY to live to-day as if you expected to run an airship to-morrow.

### HISTRIONIC.

**B**y some she is considered the leading emotional actress of the day."

"And she has never married, you say?"  
"A little, I believe—in the amateur way."

### JUST LIKE THEM.

**L**ITTLE LARRY.—Who tied Mazeppa to the horse, Pop?

FATHER.—The wedding-guests, of course!



AS IN WHIST.

SECOND HAND LOW, THIRD HAND HIGH.

**S**ometimes we seem to get on speaking terms with certain people only to say the wrong thing at the right time.

# PUCK

## ART IN THE WEST.



"ES," said Mr. Packer Hogg to his guests upon his return from Europe, "there was n't nothing in Europe too good for the Hogg family, I can tell you. We showed 'em what American money meant! We opened their eyes! We had everybody bowing down to us, from the nobility to the beggars in the streets. And as for works of art, why we brought home more pictures and stattoos than Pierpont Morgan ever heard of!

"Just come with me to my new art-gallery and I'll show you a few bibble-lots and articles of virtue that will make some of these collectors sick when they see 'em!

"Whenever we seen a picture or stattoo in any of them galleries that we liked we just asked our courier to hunt up the artist for us, and ordered him to make us a lot of pictures without regard to cost. That's the way Packer Hogg went at it! Yes, sir! And I'll bet a Van Dyke to a chromo nobody could tell me a better way!

"And best of all, we know we ain't got any of them counterfeits you read so much about neither, for we stood right there every day and seen 'em made out of the identical same kind of paint and canvas as was them in the galleries.

"It just goes to show that if you'll insist on the best and take nothing inferior, you won't have spurious works of art or anything else worked off on you.

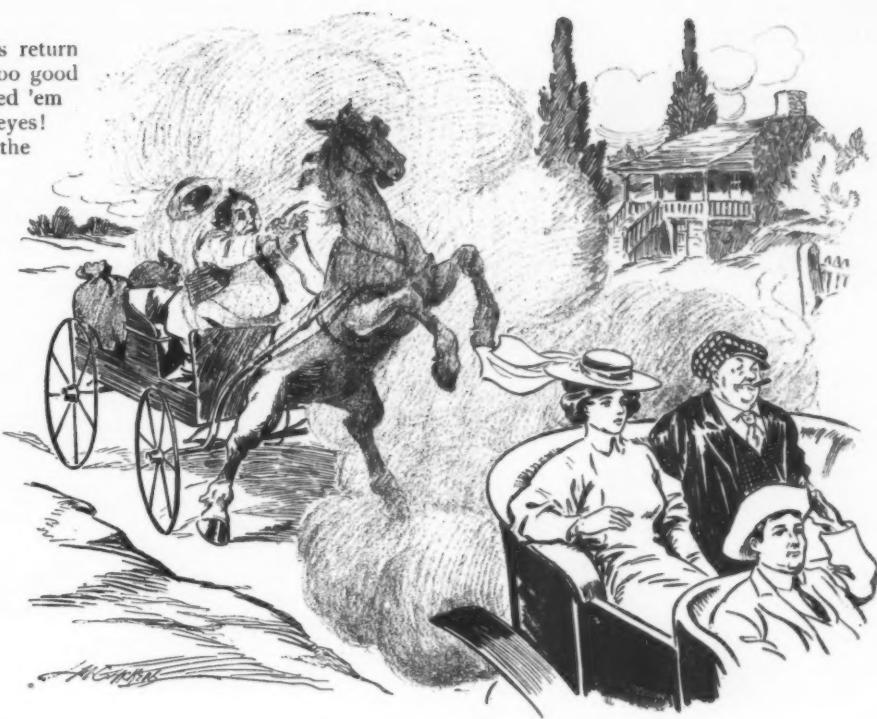
"I think them collectors that have been stuck with counterfeits just failed to stick around and watch the job while it was being done! That's what I think, and they ain't got nobody to blame but themselves.

"Now, you take this collection, for instance: There's ten Murillos, five Raphaels, four Van Dycks, eighteen Corots, nine Rembrandts, three Titians, and sixteen stattoos by Michel Angelo and a feller named Praxiteels, and not a single one that ain't genooine, for we seen 'em made from start to finish and insisted that the names of the men that made 'em be painted in the corner to guarantee 'em genooine, and there you are!

"Some of 'em I think could have been improved a little with a few changes. You take that faded landscape by Mr. Corot, for instance. I asked him to put more green in it and make it look more like them woods at home, but he laughed and said he could n't guarantee it genooine if he did, for he had a peculiar style of his own that art lovers recognized wherever they seen it.

"But them Murillos suits me! They've got color, and I don't begrudge the twenty-five thousand dollars they cost me. When I went to make a dicker with Mr. Murillo for the lot, you never seen such a scramble as them other artists in his studio building made. Mr. Van Dyck insisted on selling me them four of his, Mr. Titian followed me clear to the hotel with his three, and I would n't have bought 'em then but the courier said no collection was complete without at least three Titians, so I made him an offer for the lot and he took me up.

"But there was another feller there who was the worst of the bunch. His name was Whistler, and he had fifty pictures he wanted to sell for fifty thousand dollars, but if you could have seen them daubs you would n't have had 'em at any price. Why, they was painted in an awful hurry; you could tell it by the way the paint was put on, and in some places there was n't any paint at all. Then, half of 'em was n't signed, but had a little butterfly stuck in the corner.



NOT EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING.

"I let him know most emphatically that I would n't stand for a fraud like that, and that I saw through his bunco game from the start.

"Then, down in Spain, I ran into a Boston man that had paid twenty thousand dollars for a little dingy daub that he bought out of an old tumble-down castle. And he was stung for sure! He said it was painted by an artist named Madrazo, but I never heard of him, and he could n't prove it, for there was n't any name on the picture at all. Then I asked him why, if he was so stuck on the man's work, he did n't hunt him up and have him make him a new one, something fresh and tasty, and not be fool enough to be swindled into buying an old dirty thing like that, without a signature. I told him how I made all mine sign 'em on the spot. He could n't see how that was, but when I told him how I worked it he laughed till he nearly cried and said I was the slickest connoisseur he had ever seen.

"So you see we Westerners make 'em all sit up and take notice. Yes, sir, there ain't any of 'em can get ahead of Packer Hogg, I can tell you! He's too slick for any of those old-fashioned European schemers!"

*Harvey Peake.*

## TRIUMPH.

BABEL'S builders boasted. "We don't care, it was a success!" they cried. "Nobody put up a taller skyscraper the next day."

Herewith they felt that modern architects could n't say as much.

## AWFUL.

MRS. BLASÉ.—Who was this man Washington, anyway?

MRS. HIGHUPP,—Some horribly un-American person, I guess. They say he actually advised against our making any foreign alliances.



THE SUMMER PARTING.

THE WIFE.—O, Jim! What shall we do with the cat?

THE HUSBAND.—Leave her here. I would n't take a cat I thought anything of to the place where we're going to board!

## PUCK



SOCIALISM ILLUSTRATED.—I.  
WHAT IT IS, ACCORDING TO THOSE WHO KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT.

### NOT THAT SHE CARED.

**M**RS. TRIPHAMMER'S face did not wear the expression the *Wife's Home Guide* says that a woman's face should wear when she meets her husband at the door on his return from his day of toil in the city. It was evident that Mrs. Triphammer was perturbed, and Triphammer braced himself for the ordeal of hearing all about it. He had not long to wait. He was hanging up his hat when Mrs. Triphammer said:

"What do you think, the Van Slamms are giving a big party on the sixteenth and we are n't invited! Now what do you know about that? Mrs. Pettybone was in here to-day and showed me their invitation. Said she just happened to have it in her handbag. Very likely! She put it in there on purpose to flaunt it in my face! The postmark was three days old! Not that I care whether the Van Slamms invite us to anything or not! I guess that when it comes to good society we can go to places into which the Van Slamms never get a chance to thrust their noses! I am sure that it is no particular honor to be invited to the Van Slamms, anyhow, and if anyone thinks that I care because we have not been sent cards for their party they are greatly mistaken! The idea of —"

"What are you talking so much about it if you don't care?" butted in Mr. Triphammer.

"I don't know that I am talking so much about it. I simply told you that they were going to have a big party and we were left out. Not that I care anything about it, for I doubt very much if I would have gone had we been invited. Hetty Van Slamm's parties are always the stupidest ever. A lot of fat, over-dressed, tiresome old women and men, with music that sets one's teeth on

edge. And if my dining-room was the little tucked-up place hers is I don't think that I would try to give a big party anyhow. The last time we were there I nearly had the clothes torn off my back, and — They have even invited the Van Smythes right across the street from us, and Mrs. Pettybone says that Mrs. Van Smythe is having a new rose-pink chiffon over satin made for the affair. I think she'd better spend it giving the house a coat of paint, for it has n't been painted for ten years, and is all going to rack and ruin—not that I care if they never paint it, but if I was Mrs. Van Smythe —"

"Dinner ready?"

"It will be ready in a few minutes. Mrs. Pettybone stayed so long I could n't get out into the kitchen to plan the dinner, and the things did n't come from the store on time. The Van Slamms are giving the party for some bishop or a notable of some kind they've got hold of, or pretend to have got hold of, but you mark my words, George Triphammer, I'll bet you he does n't come. It's only one of Hetty Van Slamm's tricks to get the people to come. I've known her to do the same thing before, and the social lion did n't appear. She always had a plausible excuse, 'Sudden illness,' or 'Called to New York,' so he could n't come. I hope to goodness she will be left this time—not that I care, but —"

"Can't you hurry up dinner?"

"The bell will ring any minute now. Mrs. Pettybone says that she heard that they were going to have an orchestra. Think of them trying to have an orchestra in that little house! There are only ten rooms, including the bath and kitchen, and the two parlors are the only rooms of any size in the house, and I'd like to know where they are going to put an orchestra! I hope that—not that I care where they put it, but the last time I was there to a party some of the ladies had to take off their wraps in what was evidently the servant-girl's room, and if — Mrs. Pettybone said that —"

"I don't care what Mrs. Pettybone said. I want —"

"Neither do I care what she said. I don't care how many parties the Van Slamms give without inviting us. Goodness knows that we are not dependent on them for our social favors. I'd pity us if we were! As I say, we have social opportunities that the Van Slamms would be only too glad to have, and if Hetty Van Slamm thinks that I care because she did n't invite us to her little old party she has another think coming—not that I care to use slang, and not that I care what she

thinks, or says, or does. It isn't that I care that I speak of the matter. It is only that — There goes the dinner-bell! I'll tell you what Mrs. Pettybone told me when we are at table. Not that I care, but —"

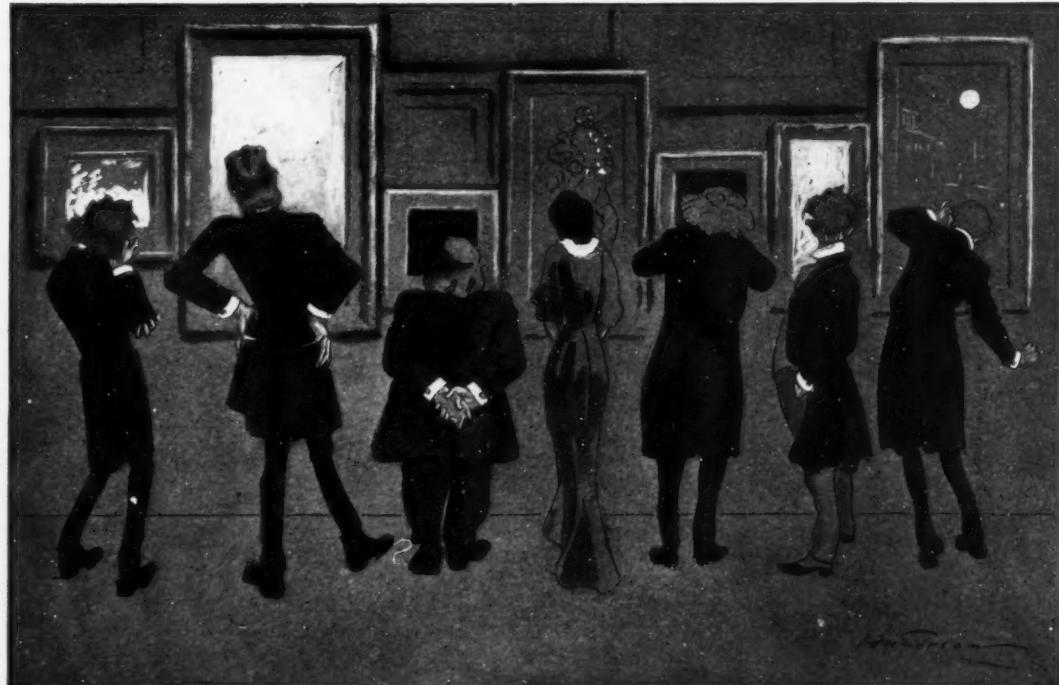
Max Merriman

### SUSPICIOUS.

**L**AWYER'S OFFICE-BOY (*excitedly*).—What d'ye think kid? De boss just gimme a grand-stand ticket fer de ball game dis afternoon!

**BROKER'S OFFICE-BOY.**—Gee! What have youse got on him?

**A**MARRIED man is the noblest work of woman.



ART PUZZLE:  
FIND THE PAINTER OF EACH OF THESE PICTURES.

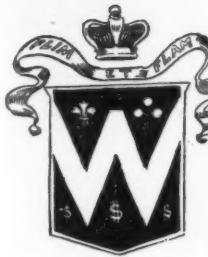


PROVED.

**PROSPECTIVE BOARDER.**—Do you set a good table here?

**RURAL LANDLORD.**—Good table? Great Scott, man! Look at the size of those flies!

## PUCK



### THE REAL REASON.

HEN C. & B. went off ten points,  
And started stocks to tumbling,  
The wise ones said—and shook their heads—  
'T was due to warlike rumbling.  
The papers wrote at length upon  
This explanation sable—  
But in reality 't was done  
To get a house for Mabel.

When F. & S. shot up one day  
Until it hit the ceiling,  
The wise ones cried, in unctuous pride,  
'T was due to healthy feeling.  
Reports on crops the papers then  
Did print to prove the tally—  
But it was done to foolish men  
To get a yacht for Sally.  
*William Wallace Whitelock.*

### MURIEL'S CONFESSION.

**R**EGINALD VON LIGHTPOP and Muriel DeVincent met at the mountains on a Sunday afternoon. It was love at first sight for both, and they became engaged at once. Muriel loved madly. To her Reginald stood for a tower of strength encompassing great wisdom. Reginald loved with all the passion of his artistic temperament. Reginald's specialty was oils. He worked at the oil counter in a paint shop. For this reason he was obliged to leave Muriel a few hours after becoming engaged. He had only Sunday off.

Upon returning to the city Reginald spent his spare time for a week in sending a daily letter to Muriel and in wondering how he could have lived in Woonsocket since birth and never meet her. Then Muriel returned to her home.

Reginald called the evening she arrived. He was introduced to Mrs. DeVincent and experienced a distinct shock. Reginald had once paid a dime to see "the fattest lady in the world," but the lady was not near as fat as was Mrs. DeVincent. Beside her he seemed but a pygmy. Reginald tipped the scales at an even one hundred pounds.

Mrs. DeVincent ran her hand lightly through Muriel's wavy hair. "The mountain air did not seem to increase your weight, my dear," she puffed. "But lawsy me, I weighed less than you at your age."

"I weigh ninety-five pounds, mother," announced Muriel with a happy smile. "I have gained four."

"Ah," puffed Mrs. DeVincent, "that is very nice. Yes, I began to gain myself—at just your age."

Reginald was suddenly attacked with a strange feeling of weakness. Cold chills played tag



WILLIE'S IDEA OF HEAVEN.

up and down his spine. His knees sagged beneath him and consternation took up its abode in his face. He cast his eyes downward. "The night breezes are calling us," whispered Muriel, turning to her lover. "Let us go out."

Reginald followed her. At the door Mrs. DeVincent seized his wisp of a body and drew him affectionately to her bosom. "Good-night, my son that is to be," she puffed, and crushed Reginald's bony hand within her palm. Reginald reeled out the door, gasping for breath. Muriel's fairy-like form flitted in the gloom before him.

They seated themselves in the hammock. It was a rare night in summer. The fireflies hastened hither and thither. The perfume of flowers filled the dusky night air.

Muriel rested one hand tremblingly on Reginald's right shoulder-pad. "I must tell you something," she whispered. "It has been on my mind for a week. Promise me that you will not love me the less for what I must say." Reginald gurgled incoherently.

Muriel's hand tightened on the shoulder-pad. "I should have told you before, my love," she whispered. "But I know you will forgive me. My father and mother were drowned at sea. I am only an adopted daughter." Her beautiful eyes sought Reginald's for clemency. And with a hysterical cackle Reginald granted it.

*William Sanford.*

### INADEQUATE.

**S**O FAST was history made, and in forms and aspects so manifold and various, that Clio, the muse of the same, began to feel the disadvantage of being a woman.

"I can remember," quoth she, "what year big sleeves went out, but if anybody were to ask me who played third base with the Giants in 1897 I fear I should be at a loss."

The entire mythological system of the Greeks, in fact, while exquisitely beautiful, was nevertheless inadequate to the demands of the more exigent modern order.

### BEFORE AND AFTER.

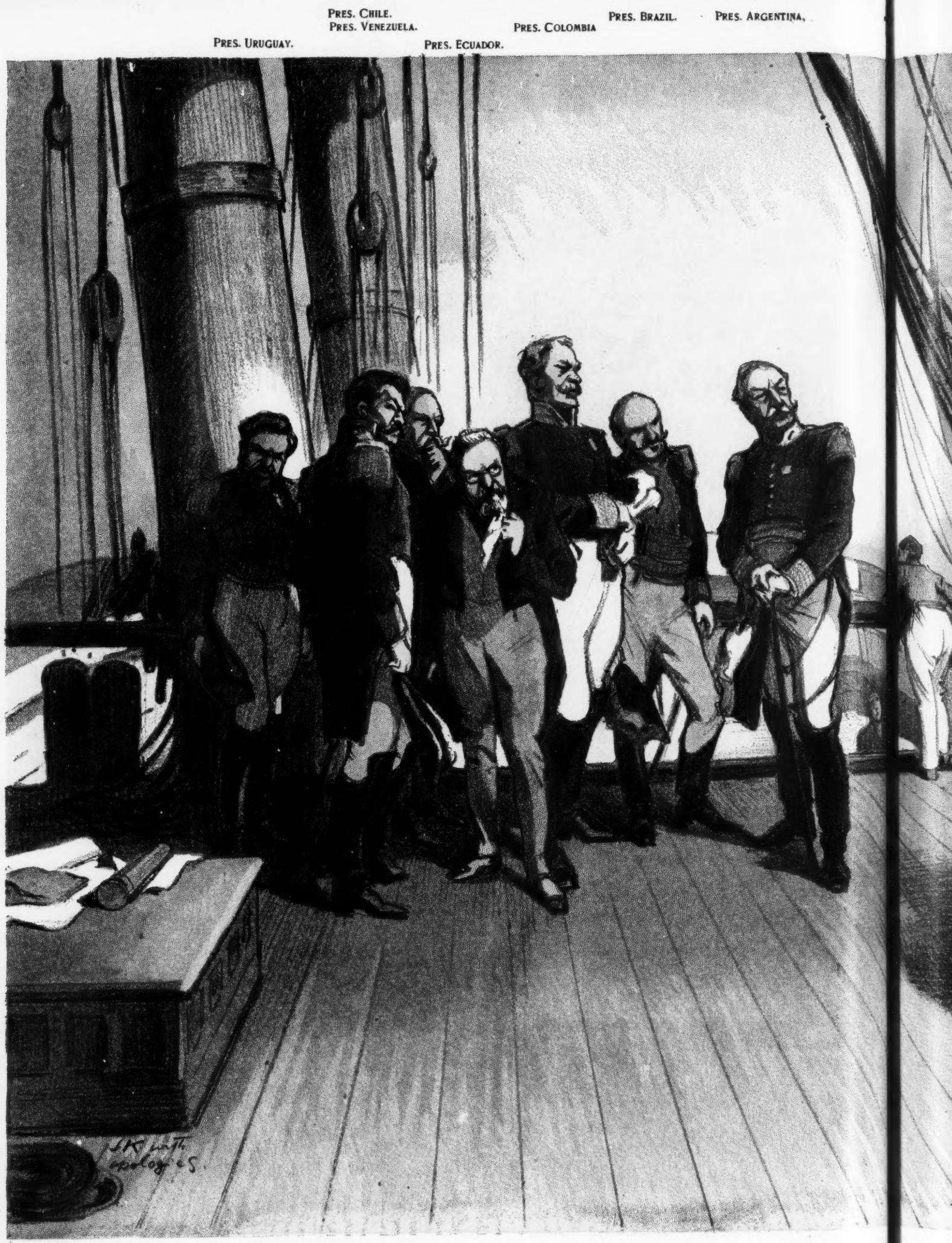
**S**TELLA.—When you are engaged you tell him that he must economize.

**BELLA.**—And after you are married he tells you that you must.

### THE STRAY DOG'S AUGUST DREAM.



**T**he wise man, under the impulse of remorse, kicketh himself; the fool soaketh himself.



PRES. URUGUAY.

PRES. CHILE.  
PRES. VENEZUELA.

PRES. ECUADOR.

PRES. COLOMBIA

PRES. BRAZIL.

PRES. ARGENTINA,

CASTRO, THE CUT

For the Sake of Peace and Quiet, Why Does South America



STRO, THE CUT-UP.

Why Does South America Ship Him to Some St. Helena?

# PUCK



IN THE HOME OF A HOME-RUN HITTER.

## A SPECIALIST.

"I've got a new place," said Gertie.

"Where?" asked Sadie.

"In the Right & Left glove factory."

"Is n't that nice?" said Sadie.

"Make me a pair of gloves sometime, will you?"

"Yes, maybe, after a while. I like the work awfully well."

"But is n't there a lot to it?"

"No, not much. It's real simple. And we girls have lots of fun."

"But how do you ever get those little pieces sewed in between the fingers?"

"O, you mean the—the—well, I've forgotten what they call them; but I don't do that."

"O, you just do the rest of it?"

"N-no, not exactly. You see, the cloth is woven in one department—it's just like silk gloves, you know—and the gloves are cut out in another. Then they send them to another department where they put in those little pieces you spoke of. And then someone else puts on the tips of the fingers, and someone else does fancy stitches on the back, and someone else closes

them—sews them up, you know, and someone else puts the buttons on, and—and—O, there's lots more to it! And it's so interesting. And then they all have to be looked over, and the mean old thing that inspects is always sending them back to the girls to be done over."

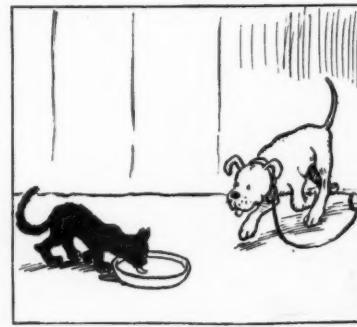
"And what part do you do?" Sadie asked.

"O, me? When you buy a pair of gloves they are always stitched together in pairs. Well, that's what I do."

Walter G. Doty.

**A COMPROMISE** might be defined as something which often follows an ultimatum.

## ON THE TRAIL WITH A POLICE-DOG.



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

**S**ome men's idea of economy is that their wives shall make their own dresses while they make their own cigarettes.



WEEK BEGINNING JULY THIRTY-FIRST.

Academy of Music, 14th and Irving Place. Stock Company in repertoire.

American Theatre Roof Garden, 42d St. W. of Bway. Vaudeville. Twelve All-Star Acts. Evenings 8:15.

Brighton Beach Music Hall, Brighton Beach. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily, 2:45 and 8:30.

Century (formerly New Theatre) Roof Garden, 62d St. and 8th Av. Elliott Schenck's Orchestra in Summer-Night "Pop" Concerts. Evenings 8:15.

Cohan's, Bway and 43d St. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence-man.

Colonial, Bway and 62d St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.

Globe, Bway and 46th St. Valeska Suratt in "The Red Rose," a new musical comedy. Evenings 8:15.

Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. Corse Payton's Stock Co. in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Irving Place. Grand Italian Comic Opera Co. In repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Jardin de Paris, the New York Theatre Roof Garden. "Ziegfeld Follies of 1911."

Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees Evenings 8:15.

New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy de luxe founded on "La Satyre."

New Brighton Theatre, Brighton Beach. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15. Daily matinees.

Victoria Theatre and Roof Garden, 42d St. and Bway. Hammerstein's All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.

## UNCLE HAWHEE'S PHILOSOPHY.

**D**IS life am what we makes it. To de bulldog dis am a fightin' world. De pusson wid red hair b'lieves dar's supp'n wrong uh-kaze everybody else ain't redheaded. De rat in de cellar draws up resolutions dat de sun has done gone out o' bidness. A drunk-man is 'stounded to see ladies and gen'lemen staggerin' along whilst he hissef walks straight. De culldul pusson prowlin' round chicken-houses at night gits de notion dat de world am full o' white men wid guns. And so it goes, Brudder Wadkins, all down de line."

## RIGHT.

**S**HE.—Mr. Jones is a fine man; one of the few, in fact, that stand for real progress. He says he likes to see two trees where one used to be.

**H.E.**—He certainly lives up to that, and more too. When I took him home last night he was seeing six or seven where one used to be!



#### THE MIDNIGHT ALARM.

GREAT thing has happened!"

Mr. and Mrs. Caterby lived in a small but very select suburban community.

"You know your great fear of burglars," continued Caterby. "Well—"

"You mean *your* great fear."

"Now, my dear, anyone that will not even let me go out and spend the evening away from home—"

"That may not be because I fear burglars." With a smile Mrs. Caterby tossed her head.

"Well, never mind. We won't split hairs. Suffice it to say that from this time forth we need have no more concern. Everything has been arranged."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this: We have an elegant watchman. I have just engaged him. He attends to only about fifteen of us, comes around once an hour through the night, and whistles. Only three dollars a month for immunity from all fear. Think of it."

Mrs. Caterby reflected.

"You say he whistles once an hour through the night. Is n't that going to keep us awake?"

"Well, I should say not. You don't wake up every time the clock strikes, do you? Think of the sense of security! A guardian angel, in the shape of a strong, sturdy watchman, always hovering around. See! He has given me a whistle."

Caterby pulled out a long lanyard, with an immense boatswain's whistle on the end.

"All we have to do is to whistle to him out of the window if we want him, and he is here in a jiffy. All our troubles are over. You wait and see."

That night Caterby went to bed with a satisfied smile which his wife did n't share.

"We are protected by insurance," she said. "Besides, I don't believe it will make any difference. If a burglar wants to get in, he will. Besides, they never come around after eight o'clock, on account of the law against house-breaking. You notice all the thefts in the neighborhood have taken place while the people were eating dinner. That means only petty larceny."

"You don't understand. Don't you see that we are paying this man for a sweet, peaceful sleep night after night? Why, to-night, for the first time in years, I shall sleep the sleep of the just. Pleasant dreams." They slept.

Suddenly, through the darkness of the night, came a shrill sound. Caterby sat up in bed.

"There he is! True to his trust."

"I hear him," murmured Mrs. Caterby. "What time is it?"

"Midnight." They slept again.

"Footsteps!" Caterby muttered, as he dozed. "Ah, yes. Faithful watchman!"

His ear was greeted by a sharp whistle. Then another. He sprang to the window.

"That you, my dear man?"

"Yes, sir. I find that the window off the dining-room is unlocked. Better step down and catch it."

"I will do so at once. Glad you called my attention to it."

Caterby, arrayed in a flannel robe, crept downstairs in his bare feet—for he could n't find his slippers—and made the necessary ad-

#### PUCK

justment. He was back again in a moment, shivering slightly.

"Great thing, isn't it?" he chattered. "Only shows how careless we have been. He understands his business all right."

"He's trying to make an impression," muttered Mrs. Caterby. "O dear, I'm so tired!"

Every hour during the night Caterby heard that whistle. In the morning he bounded out of bed, assuming a vigor he did not feel.

"Fine thing, that watchman!" he exclaimed. "Think of how fearful we have been for years. Are n't you going to get up?"

"No. I'm going to sleep until noon. I am utterly worn out."

"Well, you'll get used to it in a night or so, and then you'll bless me."

The next night—this time at midnight—the warning whistle rang out more fiercely than ever. Then, on top of it, the door-bell rang.

Caterby bounded downstairs. He opened the door cautiously.

"The only thing we can do," she said, "is to have the house burglarized. That will make him ashamed and will kill him."

Caterby looked at her worn face.

"It's life or death!" he muttered. "We must get rid of that watchman, at any rate."

The next day he inserted the following advertisement:

**WANTED**—A professional burglar to do a quiet and effective job. Suburban villa. No chance of getting caught. Co-operation of parties in house. Big pay and no questions asked.

At four o'clock in the afternoon a quiet-looking man appeared in Caterby's office, and the arrangements were made for that evening.

"I tell you," said Caterby, gleefully coming home and informing his wife, "you can get anything you want in these days. It's going to cost me a hundred dollars, but we'll fix that watchman all right. He won't be able to hold up his head. To-night at one. I am to give the signal when he moves off down the square, and then I am to let my man in."

At one the whistle sounded as usual. Caterby saw the dark form of the watchman move off down the street. Then he motioned to a figure behind the stable. In a moment the burglar had been let in. By working hard they had upset the furniture and filled a gunny-bag with plated silver, which the burglar was to deliver at the office the next day and get a hundred dollars.

In thirty minutes the plan had been carried out. The burglar disappeared. Then Caterby began whistling at the top of his whistle. In a moment there was a sound of hurrying steps. The watchman dashed up.

"You're a nice watchman!" shouted Caterby. "Here you have allowed my house to be entered, and look what's gone. All my best silver! I guess it won't be any use for you to watch this house any more."

The watchman, standing in the doorway of the dining-room, gazed dejectedly at the burnt matches on the floor and the upset chairs and open sideboards.

"Sir!" he muttered. "Me heart is broke."

The next evening Caterby came home with a jubilant air.

"Well, my dear," he said, "prepare for a good night's rest. Everybody knows now what's happened to us, and I guess that's the last we will see of that watchman. All the boys have hailed me as their savior. He'll never show his face around here, you can gamble on that. Let's go to bed early and make up for lost time."

Once more they slept. And then—Caterby sat up in bed. Could it be possible? A succession of sharp, shrill whistles rent the air—a double sound.

"Who's there?" Caterby demanded.

"It's me, sir," said a familiar voice.

"You! I never expected to see you again. Who's that with you?"

The tall form of the watchman straightened in the night air. "Never fear, sir," he called up. "Me reputation's at stake. Oi've got a frind to help me, and now one of us will be around every half-hour instead of every hour as before. No extra charge, sir. We're bound to show you we can do it, sir. Good-night, sir, and pleasant dreams to ye!"

T. L. Masson.

#### COMPANIONS IN MISERY.

JONES.—I'd like to help you, but I can't; I own an automobile.

BEGGAR.—I own two—that's why I'm begging.

"It's only me, sir. I find your cellar-door is open. It can only be closed from the inside."

"Curse that cook!" exclaimed Caterby. "Of course you did right." He ran down the cold stairs along the concrete cellar-floor and fixed the door, then hurried back to bed.

Every night there was a new development.

"He's a little bit too ambitious, that's all," said Caterby at the end of the week. "Think I will go away for a few days and get some rest. You'll be perfectly secure, you know—"

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" cried his nervous wife, who was reduced to a physical wreck. "You'll get rid of him at once."

"But my dear girl, I can't! You see, he has been engaged by twenty people. And even if we did n't pay him, he'd come round all the same. His reputation is at stake. We can't get rid of him." Mrs. Caterby reflected.



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BREWED BY MILLER AT MILWAUKEE

NO REAL PROBLEM.

His fellow-clerks gathered around him when the news became public property, and extended congratulations.

"But," said one man, "I understand the girl you're engaged to is a twin. How do you tell the difference between her and her sister?"

"Well, it's a mighty nice family," said the lucky man, "and I don't bother very much."—*London Opinion*.

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"No," replied Mr. Chuggins. "It is a source of great trouble, but I generally pay for it. None of it is in the nature of a gift."—*Washington Star*.

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THE SPREAD EAGLE.

ATTENDANT.—If you want to figure-skate, sir, you must go to the centre of the floor.—*The Tatler*.

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail. 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

TEN TO ONE.

MAYOR CARTER H. HARRISON and former mayor Edward F. Dunne, of Chicago, ran against one another in the primaries for the nomination for mayor a time ago.

Mr. Harrison has one daughter, Miss Ethel, aged fifteen, and Dunne has ten children of assorted ages. A few days before the primaries Miss Ethel asked her mother: "Mamma, do you pray for father's nomination?"

"Certainly I do, my dear; and I hope you do too."

"Well," replied the daughter, "I did at the beginning, but I stopped after a while."

"Stopped?" asked the shocked mother. "Why did you stop?"

"Why, I thought about those ten little Dunnes all doing the same thing, and I concluded I had no chance."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

WIFE (*to late husband*).—Where have you been, John?

HUSBAND (*conscious that prevarication would be futile*).—To tell the truth, m' dear, I—hic—stopped in s'lloon to get glash beer.

WIFE.—John, you never accomplished that load in a saloon. You've been to a brewery.—*The Sun*.

"Now, John, I am dressed. Let us go downstairs."

"Downstairs? Why, my dear, I should think you were dressed for going upstairs."—*Boston Courier*.

HARP OR TOM-TOM.

"Won't you try a piece of my wife's angel cake?"

"Will it make an angel of me?"

"That will depend on the kind of life you have led."—*Houston Post*.

"I've just written a scathing letter denouncing that newspaper, calling it cowardly and spineless," said the indignant citizen.

"Did you sign your name to it?" asked the stranger.

"No—I signed it 'One who knows.' I didn't want the editor to know who wrote it."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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#### HARROWING.

"They really fear she will become insane. You see, she found a diary he kept before he married her."

"O, I see! And the awful revelations—"

"Revelations? No, it was written in cipher, and she could n't read a word of it."—*Tit-Bits*.

#### HOW TO OBLIGE.

"Dear teacher," wrote little Johnny's mother, "kindly excuse John's absence from school yesterday afternoon, as he fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother."—*Comic Cuts*.



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PHILIP MORRIS & CO., Ltd.  
402 West Broadway  
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ILL-NATURED.

MAGISTRATE.—Do you know the nature of an oath, madam?  
WITNESS.—I ought ter, y' Honor, seeing as how I married a drunkard!—*Sydney Bulletin*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

## Pure, Healthful, Refreshing *Apollinaris* "THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS"

GEORGE ADE was a clever Young Man who wrote Comic Operas, Comic Plays, and Fables in Slang, and having written the Comics in great Shape, he reached the Smiling Stage, where his Checks, written in a Bold, Flowing Style, were good when they got to the Bank. Wherefore, he had a Handsome Home in Indiana, including a mechanical Piano Player, Water-Works, and a cat.

On one occasion his Guest was Fred C. Kelly, who wrote Funny Pieces for the Papers. It was a Rainy Day, and Ade and Kelly and the Cat became very much bored, not to say Peeved. Kelly began to run the Piano Player off its Feet, and he repeated many and monotonous Times a catchy Song which he had heard in a Theatre. Ade sang the Chorus, while Kelly played and the Cat purred. Finally Kelly, who had a great Ear for Music, but no Talent in translating the Ear, said explosively:

"George, you got that Line wrong in that Thing. It goes this Way."

There ensued an Argument, a Colloquy, and a Disputation, and throughout all three of these Encounters Kelly beat Ade down that Ade was wrong. At last Ade gave up, and sank into a Deep Silence.

After Kelly had played all the Open Work off the record he took it out of the Instrument and put it back in its Box. As he did so he glanced at the label on the Box. It read:

"The Sho-Gun—By George Ade."

Moral: Don't argue with the Man who wrote the Piece.—*Popular Magazine*.

#### AT THE DANCE.

GWENDOLYN.—What makes you so peevish, Cyril? You've had a chip on your shoulder all the evening.

CYRIL.—O, my dear! You do yourself an injustice.—*Lampon*.

"WHAT drove the lady exchange-editor crazy?"

"Reading of bargains in cities a thousand miles away."—*Toledo Blade*.

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Simply strain through cracked ice and serve.

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### BÄDEKER STARS IT.

An American archaeologist with a great enthusiasm for the period of the Caesars was wandering about the Roman Forum one morning, when a woman poked her head over the wall.

"Hey," she said, in the familiar accent of Western New York. "What place is this?"

"This is the ruins of the Forum," responded the archaeologist.

"And what might that be?" she asked.

Amused, but glad of a chance to induct a fresh mind into his hobby, the archaeologist explained. He waxed eloquent; he began at its foundation; he pictured pageant after pageant of history, the successive armies and races that made that spot memorable. Finally he ran down for want of breath.

"My!" she said. "Quite a historic spot, isn't it?"—*Success Magazine*.

### SAM AND THE GHOST.

This is the latest darky wheeze, according to "Jimmie" Allison, who met a bunch from Kentucky the other night. "Down near Lexington," said Allison, "there is a haunted house. Naturally, the owner wanted to take the curse off his property, so one Sunday he hired old Sam, an enlightened negro, to sleep in the place that night. 'You know and I know there is no such thing as a ha'nt, Sam,' said he, 'and if there was they can't do anything on Sunday. So I'll just leave you locked in with a quart of whisky, and Monday morning I'll come for you with a wagon and give you \$5.'

"So Sam was locked in. On Monday morning the owner appeared with the wagon, but no Sam was to be found. There was a window missing from the house, though—sash and all. He followed Sam's trail through a little wood by the saplings that had been bent down, and finally he reached the edge of the swamp. 'That fool nigger,' said he, 'will get mired down there if he don't look out. I'll come back this afternoon and get him.'

"But that afternoon he couldn't find Sam. Time went on until he became seriously alarmed about the old fellow. On Thursday morning he got on his mule, took his hound dogs, and started out to trail the runaway. About four o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday he found the old chap, completely exhausted. He was just able to drag a leg. 'What's the matter with you, you fool nigger?' he demanded. 'Here you go and bust out of my house Sunday night, destroying a good window completely. And here I find you out in the swamp. Where have you been all the time?'

"Laws, Marse Bob," said the negro, "I been comin' back since Tuesday night."—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

## The Same "Old" Whiskey

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by being as good  
as it used to be

### Old Overholt Rye

Dependably the same—always—  
mellow, rich,  
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to be forgotten

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and Bottled  
in bond by  
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### SONGS OF 'TONIO.

Eet was an Irish Maggie  
Dat catch my hearta first,  
An' mak' eet jomp eensida me  
So like eet gona burst,  
Dough een my breast was seengin'  
birds,  
My domba tongue was steel,  
Baycause I had not Anglaice words  
For tal her how I feel.  
She's gon', for dat I had not words  
For tal her how I feel.

Now comes Italian Rosa,  
For mak' me love her more.  
Da leetla birds eensida me  
Seeng louder dan bayfore.  
But O, I am so sadda man!  
My domba tongue ees stell;  
I have no words Italian  
For tal her how I feel.  
Not even words Italian  
For tal her how I feel!  
—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

THE chief contention of all the witnesses in the Camorra trial appears to be that everybody else is a liar.—*Providence Journal*.

## HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

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### THE FRAGRANT JULEP OR THE FESTIVE HIGH-BALL

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lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

### HOW HE FOUND OUT.

A man awoke one night with a toothache.

He groaned, he turned and twisted, he howled, he sat up and lay down again. He arranged his pillow and pressed it against his face with another groan.

His wife slept on and never moved.

He wanted attention, he wanted sympathy, and he groaned again.

Still she slept.

Injury added to the pain; it was n't treating a fellow right to sleep like that when he was suffering with a painful tooth, and he called her name.

Still she slept.

He had groaned three times as loud as he could, and she did n't awake.

Then the baby, in its crib in another room, sighed softly in its sleep.

The woman was on her feet and standing beside its crib, anxious-eyed, in an instant.

"And I actually thought," said the man, "that she loved me most!"—*St. Louis Star*.

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THE AD. AND THE TOURIST.

"I suppose in traveling so much you learn lots of things?"

"O, certainly! For example, I know where the best chocolate, the best cocoa, the best tooth-powder, and the best hair-tonic is."—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### HIS UNLUCKY DAY.

"Friday is such an unlucky day!" she sighed.  
"It isn't half as unlucky as Tuesday!" retorted her companion. "Last Tuesday, for instance, I fell out of a second-floor window and was run over by a catsmeat barrow."

"How terrible!" she exclaimed, shuddering.

"Yes, and on the Tuesday before that," continued the sufferer, "I tumbled into a duck-pond, and was brought out on the end of a boathook. On the Tuesday before that I was chased by an infuriated bull. On the Tuesday before that—but why continue?"

"Why don't you stay at home on Tuesdays?" suggested his companion. "You'd be safer indoors."

"Because I'd lose my job if I did," he replied. "I'm a bioscope actor, you see, and on Tuesday we make our comic films."—*Answers*.

A St. Louis minister moved to Detroit to get a better brand of baseball. With such a man in the grand-stand how can the Detroits keep from hitting the Toboggan?—*Denver Republican*.

SOME people are born resigned; some resign of their own accord, Senator Lorimer, and some have resignation thrust upon them.—*Boston Globe*.

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THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

A bully good smoke.

10 cents

At all dealers



BATHHOUSE partitions are not sound-proof, and consequently a sweet female voice full of dismay was plainly heard at Atlantic City on a Sunday afternoon.

"O, Laura," cried the voice, evidently addressing her girl chum in the adjoining room, "I have forgotten my shoe-horn! Have you one that you can loan me?"

"What's the matter," queried a deep bass voice a few yards away before Laura could reply, "can't you get your hobble-skirt on?"—*Washington Telegraph*.

GEORGE.—Did n't you notice that I pressed your foot at the dinner tonight?

MAZIE.—Why, it was n't my foot you pressed! O, George! I wondered why mamma was smiling so sweetly at the minister.—*The Gargoyle*.

### JAMES BRAID SAYS:

No athlete can do himself justice if his feet hurt. Many thousands are using daily Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. All the prominent Golfers and Tennis Players at Augusta, Pinehurst and Palm Beach got much satisfaction from its use this Spring. It gives a restfulness that makes you forget you have feet. It prevents soreness, blisters or puffing feet. Don't go on your vacation without a package of Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

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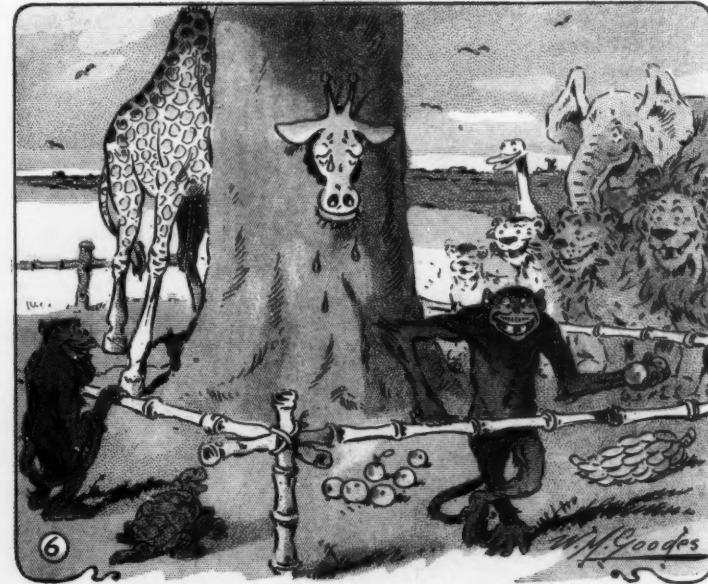
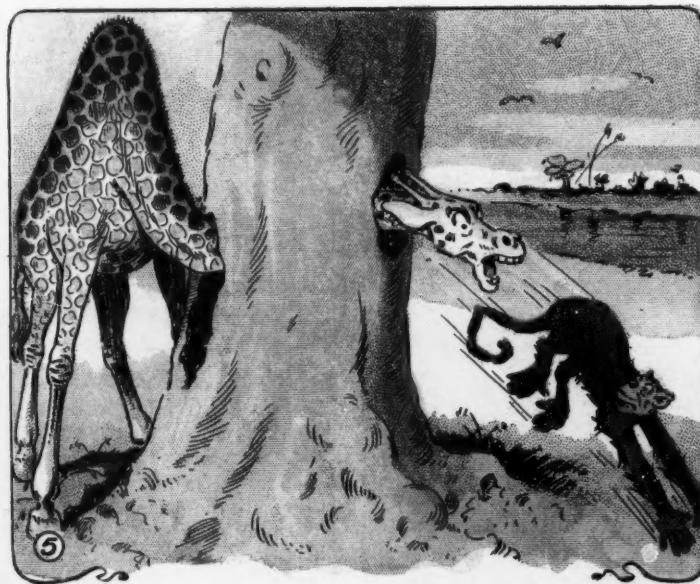
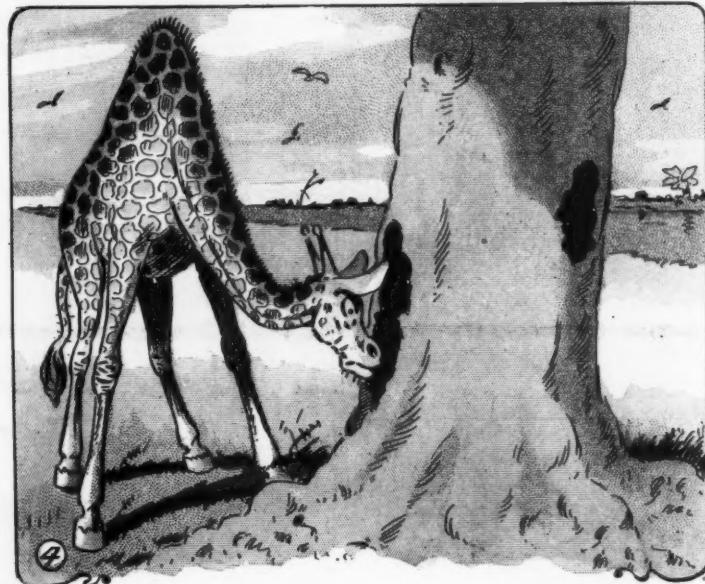
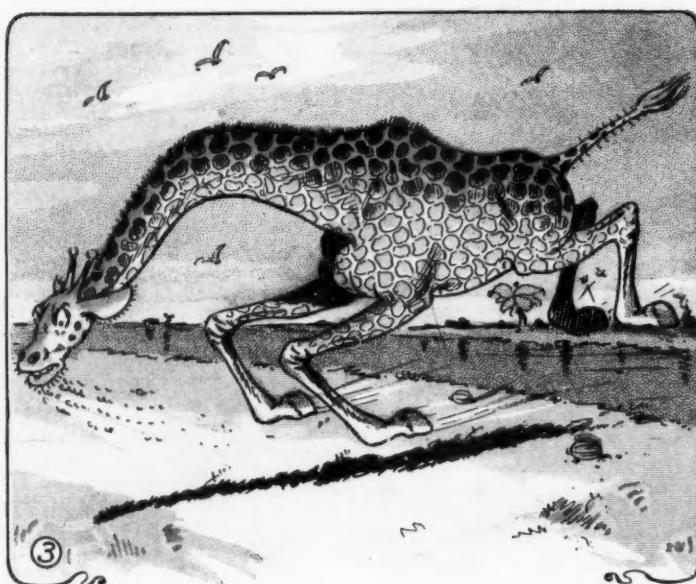
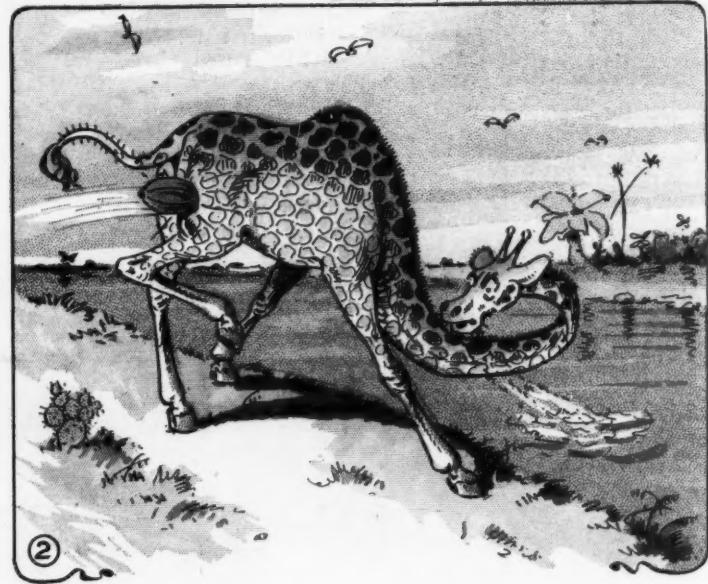
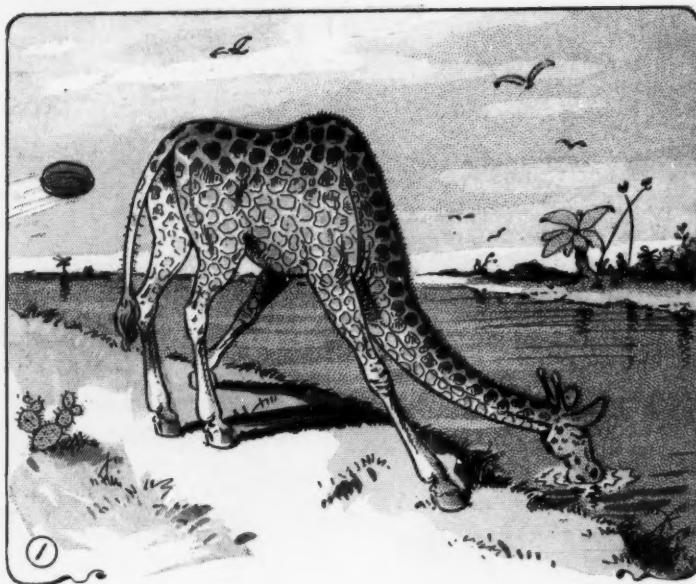
SHE (complainingly).—You promised faithfully that you would n't smoke any more after January 1.

HE.—I'm not. I am simply keeping up the usual amount.—*Boston Transcript*.

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DR. ELDERS' TOBACCO BOON BANISHES all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 130 hours. A positive, quick and permanent relief. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes for all ordinary cases. We guarantee results in every case or refund money. Send for our free booklet giving full information. Elders' Sanitarium, Dept. 59 St. Joseph, Mo.

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